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CHILD SLAVERY.

The investigation of the Child Labor Committee has shown many pitiful instances of little ones who ought not to know the name of work toiling from early in the morning till long past the hour when a man's workday ends.

They found a lad of thirteen sewing buttons on cards from 7.30 in the morning till 7 at night, working six days in the week, with only half an hour of intermission at noon.

In a flax mill they found a girl of twelve, an orphan, working a full day along with the older employees; and in another factory a girl of thirteen trimming gowns from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

These were New York cases, all bad enough; but in Pennsylvania, it appears, there are 17,000 girls between the ages of thirteen and sixteen working in manufacturing establishments. Of this number about 4,000 work all night in the textile mills! By the testimony of the group of silk-mill children before the Coal Strike Commission it developed that these childish workers spent the long hours of the night from half-past 6 till half-past 6 in the morning at toll that not only robs them of their childhood but stunts and enfeebles them and makes them old before they have entered upon their girlhood.

Is it possible to conceive of a more deplorable slavery than this child servitude?

The trifling wages of a little worker, in some cases only 41 cents a day, are earned at the expense of parental degradation. And also, it would seem, at the expense of the self-respect of the commonwealth permitting this slavery.

The movement begun by the Child Labor Bureau is designed to put an end to this slavery by changes in the legislation regulating the employment of children. It is a movement deserving the full sympathy and support of the public.

OVERPLAY AND OVERWORK.

One of the best pieces of news for many a long day is that on Lincoln's birthday from 120,000 to 135,000 persons attended the theatres of New York. Puritans may shudder at the idea of this graceless mob of pleasure seekers enjoying themselves instead of chastising themselves for their unutterable sinfulness.

"Successful" men may frown at the thought of workers spending their leisure in forgetting the work of yesterday instead of in planning the work of to-morrow. But wise and foresighted men will rejoice that their fellow-citizens have found the just mean between overwork and overplay.

For in this country there are three broad classes: the men who spend their whole time in play; the men who spend their whole time in work; and the men who judiciously combine the two, working while they work without thought of play; playing while they play without thought of work!

These three classes produce three results. The first produces a miserable failure, who either loses the name and fortune bequeathed to him or else never makes them. The second produces a miserable success, who makes a great name or a vast fortune and thereby loses the health with which to enjoy them. A member of the third class makes name enough to be respected by his friends and fortune enough to be ample for his family, and keeps health enough to thoroughly enjoy them both.

If our men were made up of those who only play it would soon become extinct. If it were made up of those who only work it would prosper hugely for a short while and then become one vast national lunatic asylum. If it is made of those who find the happy medium between work and play its growth will be slower but it will ultimately have fame and wealth and health undreamed of in the dreams of nations.

THE DOG SHOW.

The Dog Show, long ago an event of the year at the Madison Square Garden, has grown to be an institution. The existence of this annual exhibition of the Westminster Kennel Club was first justified by the incentive and encouragement it gave to the improvement of canine breeds. Every year that passes sees a larger representation of kennels with more numerous entries. The showing this winter of 1,600 dogs is noteworthy both for numbers and quality. It is noteworthy as well for its indication of the larger property interests in dog breeding for much of which the credit must be given to the work of the Westminster Association.

Society has granted a recognition to the Dog Show almost as cordial as that accorded to the Horse Show. Perhaps the development of women as dog fanciers and their participation through the Ladies' Kennel Association is in large part responsible for this. The success of their bench shows has been even more gratifying than that of the men's. Where the Westminster Kennel Club after a quarter of a century of exhibition has 1,600 entries the Ladies' Kennel Association at its second annual exhibition last year had nearly 1,200 entries with prizes aggregating \$10,000.

The ladies have taken a very direct personal interest in their kennels, following the example of Mrs. J. L. Knochman, President of the Association, and Mrs. Clarence Mackay. At its present rate of progress in popularity and its increase of membership how soon will the show of the Ladies' Kennel Club become the main event and that of the men a side show?

THE GET-RICH-QUICK FOLLY.

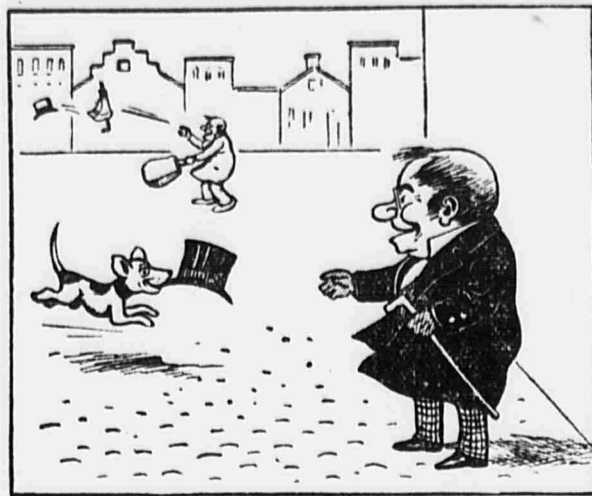
Now it is from St. Louis that we have a story of collapsing get-rich-quick concerns and a list of dupes clamoring for their money and venting their indignation on the plausible promoter who promised wealth to all who came with ready cash.

The skies may be changed but never human gullibility. It is the same old game with the same class of "come-ons" whether worked by Miller in New York or by the Turf Investment Company, the International Investment Company or the Syndicate Investment Company in the Western city.

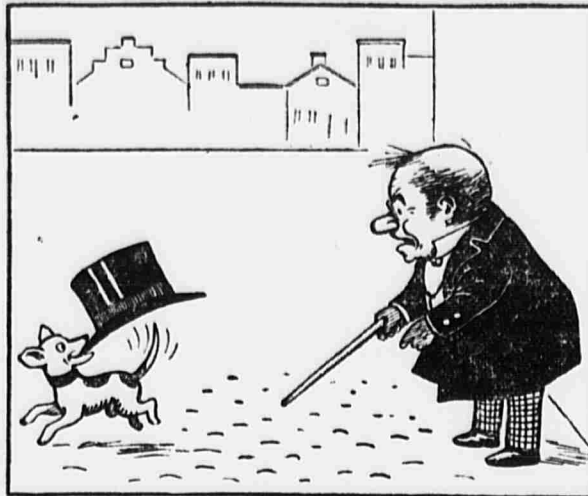
These are names that lure. "Syndicate" and "Investment" mean much to the fool ready to part with his dollar on a promise of having it made ten and certain of the company's stability because of its high-sounding title. Wisdom comes to him when he reads that one of these companies with 50,000 depositors to pay has not a dollar with which to pay them!

The encouraging thing about these failures is that the dupes concerned have to deal with a St. Louis Grand Juror and a Circuit Attorney whose work is favorably known to the memory of the boodle trials is still fresh.

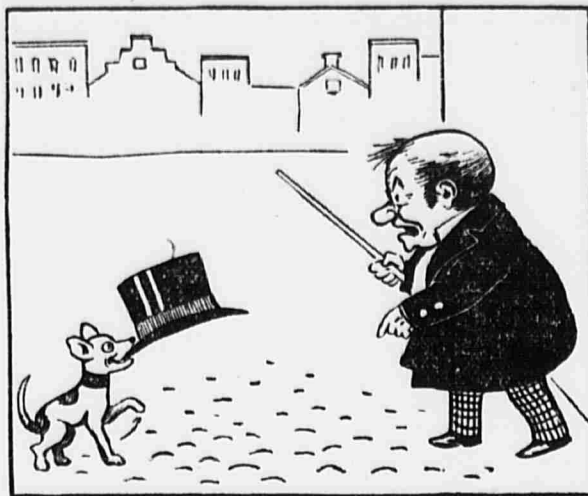
THE VENGEANCE THAT DID A NEAT BOOMERANG SPECIALTY.



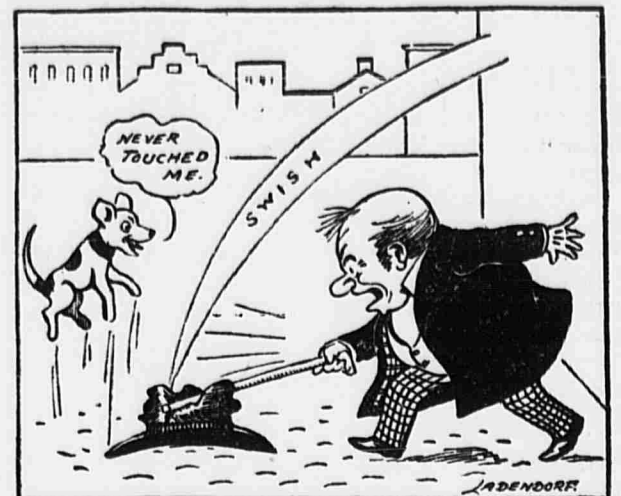
1. That's a good doggie! Bring it here.



2. Hey! Bring it here, I said.



3. Here, you pesky cur! Give it to me.



4. There, take that!

THE OLD JOKES' HOME.

It is nip and tuck between the hen who crossed the road and Eve being made for Adams Express Company. Both these good old jokes are in the institution. They have been there since the institution was instituted. They were sitting on camp stools clamoring for admission all during the ceremonies attendant upon the laying of the corner-stone. They were given shelter before the mortar dried. We wish to emphasize the fact that we have these two old residents safe and sound, for by every mail we are requested to get them in and hold them tight.

We must again ask our friends to be brief in their commitment papers. Don't try to be funny. This is a serious matter.

The \$5 offer still holds, or, rather, we still hold the \$5, the reward for the member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Humor who sends us in the oldest joke.

One of the patrons of the Home writes us that we should send him the prize because he is a cripple. But this we deem to be a lame excuse.

Remember, we offer \$5 just for a joke.

Old Fellows with Diagrams.

We have received the following batch of antiquated quips from one Albert Acker, No. 1738 Second avenue. We do not know if the number given is his address or the date of the first launch-
ing of these jokes. With each Mr. Acker kindly sends a diagram. Please take attention to directions:

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:
As no one has won the \$5 I think these stand a chance:

Did you ever see a hat box? (hat-box).
Did you ever see a horse fly? (horse-fly).
Did you ever see a moon shine a (moonshiner) whiskey bottle?
Did you ever see a shoe fly? (shoo-fly).
Did you ever see a brown stone stoop? (brown-stone stoop).

ALBERT ACKER,
No. 1738 Second avenue.
Some Dead Ones.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:
There was once a lawyer by the name of "Strange." Just before he died his last request was that they should inscribe on his tombstone simply: "Here lies the remains of an honest lawyer."

When asked his reason why they should not put his name on it, he replied that as soon as anybody read the inscription they will say at once, "Why, that's Strange!"

The Tombstone that Had Just Died

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:
Three men were discussing what to put on a friend's tombstone that had just died. One said, "In loving memory," the second said, "Gone, but not forgotten," the third one said, "They will not do at all. We will just put 'This is on me.'"

Mr. Duffy's Dog Story.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:
"Why is a young dog in a refrigerator like a vertical line?"
"Because it is purp-in-de-cooler." (Perpendicular).

F. A. DUFFY, No. 116 Nassau street.

Mr. Gumberg's Candidates.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:
"What is the best way to get fat?"
"Go to a butcher store and buy it."
"I thought I just heard a noise!"
"Why that was my bicycle spoke!"
"What time is it when a clock strikes thirteen?"
"Time to get it fixed."

LOUIS GUMBERG.

From the Kirshbaum Collection.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:
How about these old-timers?
When did Moses sleep five in a bed?
When he slept with his forefathers (four).

What is the longest word in the English language?
Snyves, because there is a mile between the first and last letters.

What is the difference between a teacher and a burglar?
A teacher says "hands down," and a burglar says "hands up."

FRANK KIRSBAUM.

Friends of Our Grand Charity.

Thanks are due the following friends and supporters of the Old Jokes' Home for their efforts in the Outdoor Humor Department. All the poor old jokes they have called our attention to have been provided for: "I. O. U. A. V. (NIT); C. V. Murphy, No. 214 West Twenty-fifth street; "Louise," Bensonhurst; M. Weiss, No. 123 Pitt street; M. S. Kane, Williams, Mich.; Edward Blake, P. Hyatt, No. 217 Third avenue; Theo. Spengemann, Jr., R. Canfield, No. 102 West Seventy-ninth street; Chester D. Cushman, No. 25 West One Hundred and Thirtieth street; Bernard Dawson, M. T. Porter, Kari J. Rios, and many others.

VALENTINES FOR UNCLE SAM AND SOME OF HIS NEPHEWS.



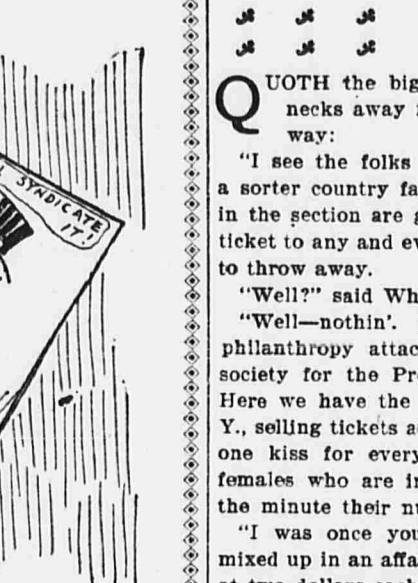
FOR THE PRESIDENT



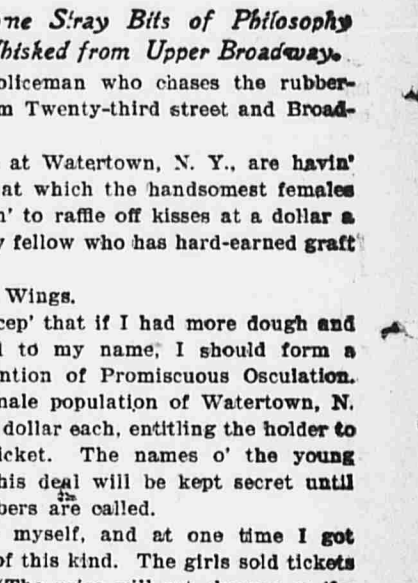
FOR ROCKEFELLER



FOR J.P. MORGAN



FOR UNCLE SAM WHO IS COMMITTING "RACIAL SUICIDE"



FOR CAPT. O'REILLY, AN HONEST WARDMAN.



FOR WILLIE JEROME



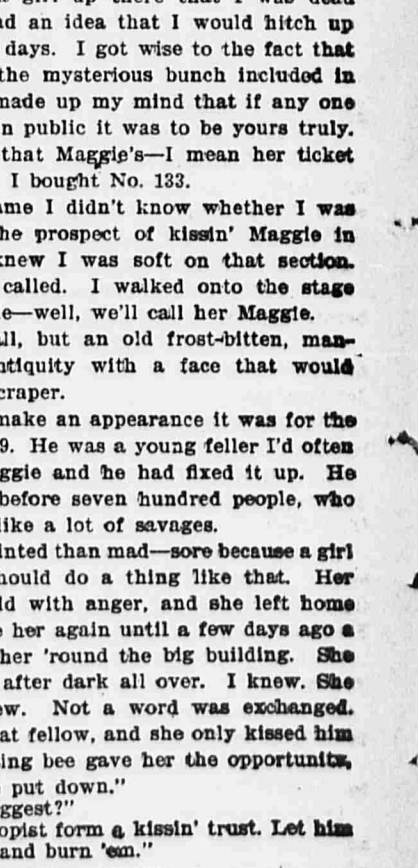
FOR COMMISSIONER GREENE



FOR UNCLE SAM WHO IS COMMITTING "RACIAL SUICIDE"



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A Reconstructed Valentine BY Kennett Harris.

It Bridged the Years that Had Parted Two Lovers.

(Copyright, 1903, by Daily Story Publishing Co.)
THEY had been plotted to the cozy corner by their hostess and left there. It was not a very well lighted nook, but the woman could see a little amused smile on the man's face, and she tapped her foot on the floor, impatiently.

"I ought to know what that means," said the man. "That was a danger signal long ago, and you are not changed much that I can see. Do you want me to find Esther for you?"

"I'm really very glad to see you," she answered, with evident sincerity. "I have often thought of you, and I don't think you have a friend to whom your success has been a greater pleasure than it has to me."

"So you have often thought of me?" he said, reflectively, after an awkward pause.

"Look at this couple," she said, rather hurriedly. "I think they want this corner, poor things!"

"They can't have it," said the man, sotto voce. "Pass on, young people. We are sorry for you, but we are instructed by our hostess to remain here, I suppose," he added, as the disconsolate pair moved away. "That those young idiots imagine that they are in love—valentines!"

"Apparently," she agreed. "They think that they have found happiness. Yes, valentines. Hearts and darts and doves and loves and fiddlesticks."

"Madness and moonshine," the man supplemented. "Still, if they think they have found happiness, they have found it, I suppose. Happiness is a mental condition, isn't it?"

"It isn't a condition, it's a theory," she replied.

"That has been explained," he said, with a half-sigh. "I am sorry if it has been yours. It is settled then that love is nonsense, and happiness is—"

"Something we are all hoping for and never quite getting. Here's another happy pair. I wonder why Esther encourages this sort of thing! 'Doses are red and violets blue.' 'Does oo love oo's ownest own?'"

"It is awfully foolish, isn't it?" "It seems so to us—at our time of life."

"They laughed together again, and as their eyes met there was kindness in their looks."

"I remember it," she said softly. "And with what fears and trembling I approached your street door, and how I scudded off after I had knocked until I could hide behind a sheltering post and watch! Then little Mollie came out, with her brown hair tumbling over her shoulders. Dainty little Mollie! Do you remember the afternoon of that day, Mollie?"

"Don't!" said the woman, faintly. "It was all nonsense and idiocy, then and thereafter, wasn't it?"

"Of course it was," she answered, sharply. "You haven't any right to— I beg your pardon; only I didn't think it was maudlin then."

"That was because we were silly young people, and not sensible and middle-aged. Don't go yet, please. After twelve years' absence you might let me talk to you for five minutes."

"This time there were tears on her lashes as she turned and looked at him. 'I only wanted to speak of one other Valentine day, when I brought a little gift, which I notice is still—let me see your hand, Mollie. Yes, it's still there. Why did you wear the little ring to-night, Mollie?'"

"I have always worn it, Hubert," she said, brokenly. "Do, please, let me go to Esther. I did not know you were coming, indeed. If I had guessed it I would never have come."

"Mollie, is it possible that you still care for me?" he asked. "If it is, I am the happiest man alive, for I have never stopped loving you, dearest. We won't care now who was right or who was wrong. Oh, my little Valentine of years gone by, I am lonely for you!"

"If you love me as I love you, so— 'Sublime!' she cried. 'I told you a lie. I knew that you were coming.'"

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THE "FLATIRON" WINDS.

Some Stray Bits of Philosophy Whisked from Upper Broadway.

QUOTH the big policeman who chases the rubber-necks away from Twenty-third street and Broadway:

"I see the folks up at Watertown, N. Y., are havin' a sorter country fair, at which the handsomest females in the section are goin' to raffle off kisses at a dollar a ticket to any and every fellow who has hard-earned graft to throw away."

"Well?" said White Wings.

"Well—nothin'. Excep' that if I had more dough and philanthropy attached to my name; I should form a society for the Prevention of Promiscuous Osculation. Here we have the female population of Watertown, N. Y., selling tickets at a dollar each, entitling the holder to one kiss for every ticket. The names of the young females who are in this deal will be kept secret until the minute their numbers are called."

"I was once young myself, and at one time I got mixed up in an affair of this kind. The girls sold tickets at two dollars each. (The price will get cheaper as the game grows popular.) This was in my native town upstate. There was a girl up there that I was dead stuck on; in fact I had an idea that I would hitch up with her one of these days. I got wise to the fact that this girl was one of the mysterious bunch included in the raffle scheme. I made up my mind that if any one was to kiss that girl in public it was to be yours truly. I also got wise to it that Maggie's—I mean her ticket number, was No. 133. I bought No. 133."

"When the night came I didn't know whether I was pleased or riled at the prospect of kissin' Maggie in public, for they all knew I was soft on that section. At last No. 133 was called. I walked onto the stage expectin' to see Maggie—well, we'll call her Maggie."

"It wasn't her at all, but an old frost-bitten, man-forsaken, fossilized antiquity with a face that would have contorted a skyscraper."

"When Maggie did make an appearance it was for the holder of ticket No. 249. He was a young feller I'd often felt jealous over. Maggie and he had fixed it up. He kissed her five times before seven hundred people, who boistered and cheered like a lot of savages."

"I was more disappointed than mad—more because a girl that I was fond of should do a thing like that. Her old man, too, was wild with anger, and she left home in a huff. I didn't see her again until a few days ago a gust of wind whirled her round the big building. She looked like Broadway after dark all over. I knew. She knew, too, that I knew. Not a word was exchanged. She never cared for that fellow, and she only kissed him to tease me. The kissing bee gave her the opportunity. Such things should be put down."

"What would you suggest?"

"Let some philanthropist form a kissin' trust. Let him buy up all the tickets and burn 'em."

ANENT FEBRUARY 14TH.

When my short summers numbered nine,
My heart still aching then because
I'd learned there was no Santa Claus,
I turned then to that Saint benign,
Love's patron, good Saint Valentine,
And on the Fourteenth of February
I bought a valentine for Mary.

Smith was her other name, it had
Some verses written "To My Love,"
Borne by a pretty snow-white dove,
With gilt and lace. Such was the deal
In valentines, when I, a lad,
Bought one and thought to send it with
A three-cent stamp to Mary Smith.

I picked her out from all the crowd,
When first we met, 'twas at a party.
But she, she sniffed and called me "Stuntzy!"
Turned up her nose, in fact, was proud,
Nor in the kiss games once allowed
My near approach. In fact, did spurn
All kisses when it came my turn.

Her father kept a butcher store,
I longed to be a butcher man,
With jacket knut of cardigan,
For this he in all seasons wore,
And weighed three hundred pounds or more.
Her brother in his teens was callow,
He greased his boots with caution tallow.

Ah, me! By some mischance I sent
That valentine with fond love freighted
Unto the school m'arn, whom I hated.
The "comic" for the teacher meant
Unto the lass I sighed for went.
Both knew from whom their missives came
The teacher smiled; but just the same

That brother big caught me and whopped
Me good and hard, straightaway forthwith.
While cruel and scoffing Mary Smith
Stood by, nor stayed nor stopped
Her brother till his tired arm dropped.
He ate beefsteak three times a day,
And whopped me for him was play.

Old Smith these many years is dead,
The brother harsh who used me so
Now runs the beefsteak studio.
And Mary? She long since has wed
Her brother's Dutch assistant, Fred.
Thus dainty cards by Tuck and Frang
House up old memories with a pang.

—Ray L. McCordell, in "Old Love and Younger."

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